

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1874.

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A PICTURE.
Across the narrow, dusty street,
I see at early dawn
A little girl with dancing feet
As agile as the fawn.
An hour or so, and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks;
She carries in her hand a rose,
And two upon her cheeks.
The sun mounts up the torrid sky,
The bell for dinner rings,
My little friend with laughing eye
Comes gayly back and sings.
The week wears off, and Saturday,
A welcome day, I ween,
Gives time for childish romp and play;
How glad my pet is seen!
But Sunday—in what stately great
Does she not then appear?
King Solomon, in all his state,
Were no such pretty gear.
I find her every day a kins,
And one she clings to me;
I know not truly when it is
She prettiest may be.

VARIETIES.
Engaged for every set—a hen.
A matter-of-fact old gentleman thinks it must be a very small base ball that can be caught on a fly.
New apples are one dollar and ten cents a quart. Ten cents for the apples and a dollar for a doctor.
How many blunders would be avoided if our medical prescriptions were written in plain English instead of bog Latin!

The boy who swallows a teaspoonful of sulphur and molasses every morning for his cold, can be readily recognized by his freckled frontispiece.
In mowing dried apples you must plant in good soil and in the full of the moon, also mulching the vines with brick-bats and old hoop-skirts.
"Do you understand English!" mildly inquired a kind-hearted lady of one of Barnum's Arab sheikhs. "Dude, ma'am, I can understand it lurry well, but I can't s'pake a wurrd of it yet," replied the Oriental.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear," "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

A reporter says that there is something grand in the sight of a pair of runaway horses but the Detroit Free Press believes that a good deal depends on whether a man is on a fence or trying to climb over the end-board of the wagon.

A captain, who wished to raise a crew of total abstainers, advertised his want in some of the leading newspapers. Among those who presented themselves as fit and proper persons to represent that class was one whose nose proclaimed him to be a fervent friend of Bacchus. "And you say that you're a total abstainer, do you?"—"Certainly," replied the owner of the suspicious looking promontory. "Well," remarked the captain, doubtfully, "you may; but if you are, you ought to prosecute that nose of yours for defamation of character."

A Western paper says: "Bill Whaley recently died in a California poor-house, and he formerly drove a stage-coach in that State. He wouldn't own a horse that had more than enough skin to cover his bones, and through which the moral law could not be read. His animals were queer geometrical puzzles—combinations of angles, right, obtuse, and acute. One day he came driving into Uniontown at full speed, and just as he drove up in front of the hotel one of his horses dropped dead. "That was a very sudden death," remarked a bystander. "Sudden!" replied Captain Bill. "That horse died in Smithland, nine miles from here; but I never let him drop until I got him in town."

A GASLIGHT COMPLIMENT.—An American correspondent, describing the recent reception of the Czar in London, pays rather a questionable compliment to the Duchess of Edinburgh, who "is not pretty at a day show, but has a magnificent figure for lavish display in evening dress. This lady and the Princess of Wales were raised into a kind of rivalry as to dress by the critical crowd. The Duchess wore a tiara of large diamond stars and a necklace of diamonds falling in double curves, and the Princess of Wales had her hair stuck all over with diamond stars and a necklace of large diamonds as ever were seen. Both ladies had their low corsage fringed with diamonds. The dress of the Duchess was of blue silk with lace trimmings worked down in fern-leaf pattern on the front of the skirt; the Princess of Wales had on a sort of dark claret-colored silk, with a great deal of lace. It was a moment of triumph for the Duchess and she could not—did not try to—conceal the child-like joy with which she was filled."

GRANULAR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE.—A prominent oculist says that the contagious Egyptian or granular inflammation of the eyes is spreading rapidly throughout the country, and that he has been able to trace the disease to what are commonly called rolling towels. Towels of this kind are generally found in country hotels and in the dwellings of the working classes, and, being thus used by nearly every one, are made the carriers of one of the most dangerous and, as regards its symptoms, most troublesome diseases of the eye. This being the case, it is urgently recommended that the use of these rolling towels be discarded, and thus one of the special vehicles for the spread of a most dangerous disorder of the eyes—one by which thousands of working-men are annually deprived of their means of support—will no longer exist.

MRS. DOE ON LAZY CHRISTIANS.
DEAR DICK:—Of course you find lazy Christians in your church. They are in all the churches, though what they are there for I cannot imagine. There may have been men during the war who volunteered to march and fight, but did neither. Still such a course, ridiculous as it would have been, is nothing to the way in which some Christians act. They join the church because there is a revival, and everybody else is joining; the minister and the people too urge them to come in. Now just here, Dick, I wish to say to you that when the gospel speaks of compelling men men to enter into the kingdom, it does not mean that they are to be pulled in over the fence. I hope you never say to inquirers, "You prayed, did you?" "Yes." "And then you felt better?"—and let them suppose that you think that feeling better means being converted. We have had enough feelings! There's nothing like joining the church on the strength of feelings to make lazy Christians.

Christ is the door, not our state of mind. There is no use at all singing
"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this."
She will not stay in any one frame for more than a week, and so it is not best to trust to feeling. Lazy Christians think that they are in the church, as plants in a hot-house, to receive all manner of care. They expect the preacher to stir them up every Sunday with the most mustardy kind of sermon; common gospel will not do for them; they wish it spiced, or they will not go to church. They have, of course, no duty in the matter.

They stay away for three months from the prayer-meeting, and then drop in to see if there is any interest. "The brethren," say they, "are very stupid; the same men always talk and pray, and there are such horrid pauses." It never occurs to them that it is all their own fault. Who are the people that make stupid prayer-meetings? Those who don't go. Those who are snugly ensconced in the chimney-corner. Those, as well, who sit in the prayer-meeting, mute as fishes, wondering why nobody speaks. They look uneasily around to see why no one rises, and when good brother So-and-so breaks the silence, outside in dismay with the mental exclamation, "Oh, that proxy old man again!" I wish somebody could make them understand that when the prayer-meeting is dull, it is they themselves who cause the trouble. That they should throw the blame on those who do their work is one of the wonders of the world.

These are the Christians who gave up going to meeting outright if they are asked to pray, and then say, "Why is not the church more lively? We want to see a revival." As if the church could run with such a clog tied to her foot. The church will never win the race so long as she has so many lazy members.

This is the way in which they talk. "You say, 'I have not seen you at the prayer-meeting.'"
"No, you are so cold over there."
"You do not attend church."
"No, the congregation is not large, and the sermons are dull." What if the church is cold, what if the congregation is small. Whose business is it to warm up the church, if not that of the church itself? Whose is it to swell the congregation, if all the Christians stay at home?

The army of lookers-on in the church would be highly amused or indignant if the men with whom they do business should treat them as they use their brethren. Imagine half a guild of shoemakers saying to the rest, "You do all the work, and we will share the profits." The only thing that resembles it at all is where a man lets his wife take in washing that he may have tobacco to smoke in his pipe. "You work that I may enjoy myself; you preach and let me criticize; you teach in the Sunday-school that my children may be converted;"—that is what the conduct of such Christians says to the church. But, alas! what does it say to the world? Ah! this is what it says. "You may all go to ruin for what I care, just let me enjoy myself. What else do I live for!" And the world answers that if this is Christianity, it wants none of it.

I am sorry for these unchristian Christians. I am afraid the day will come when it shall be said, Let those who have only looked on, be lookers-on still. Then they will see those stupid brethren who made proxy speeches in prayer-meeting placed far above them, for though they were not so talented, they were faithful, and it is the faithful who shall receive the crown of life. How will those critics feel to see the workers, whom they have criticized and made a source of amusement, called to come up higher, while they are left in shame to take a lower place?

People say that everybody will be perfectly happy in heaven. I suppose they will; but I must think that some souls will have very small capacity for being happy there. You cannot pour a quart into a gill measure. So, though, every one's cup will be full, it seems that some people will see that their cups might have been larger, and so held more.

Imagine one of these Christians.
"When one short Sabbath eve,"
whose love for the prayer-meeting is so faint and flickering as to be entirely quenched by a few drops of rain, who serves the Lord sometimes when it is agreeable, who goes to church occasionally, who, in short, pleases himself—imagine him enjoying heaven as Paul or the martyrs! I can't and won't believe that it will be so. Your affectionate mother,
DOROTHY DOE.

A Home Scene.
Mrs. Deliberate's natural temperament did not in any wise answer to her name; she was quick and impulsive, now up, now down, according to outward circumstances or inward musings. It was her husband who was phlegmatic and slow; deep down in his nature lay stores of wisdom, knowledge, discretion, keen foresight, and a good general understanding. He was slow to think, to judge and to decide, and still slower to speak; when a conclusion was reached, it was final. You might know there was something always brewing (in the depth of his brain, and it would come to the surface sometime; but what was brewing, and when it would show itself, no one could predict.

At the same time he was one of the kindest men in the world. He never said "my dear," and "my love," but was ever saying and doing things to please and gratify his "dear" and his "love." This was Mr. Deliberate, and his wife naturally and legally assumed his name.

She was in the habit of standing at the window when he went to business and of watching him till he passed out of her sight; and when expecting him home, she would watch again for the first glimpse of his appearance.

On a certain day, as usual, she laid by her sewing at 12 o'clock, assured herself that her handkerchief was in her pocket, that she had on the right cap and shawl, and that no straggling hairs lay across her forehead, and then she sat down squarely before a front window to await his coming. People were astir; it was dinner-time for the masses. Presently a man in black turned the corner. "Here he comes," she thought, but as soon as he emerged from behind the trees, she inwardly said "No, my husband don't hoist along in that style." Soon another figure appeared through the trees, "I guess that's he," she thought; but in another moment a puff of blue smoke burst from his mouth, "No, indeed, my husband doesn't smoke," thought she indignantly. So one and another, gentleman, mechanic or laborer passed by, but no Mr. Deliberate. Now she hears a call from the stairway, "Mother, are you ready for dinner?" "Yes," she answered, "has father come?" "Yes, 'm," was the response. Mrs. Deliberate descended to see what these things meant. On opening the door, there sat her husband placidly waiting for his dinner. She exclaimed, "When did you come? How did you get here? I've been watching for you for the last twenty minutes and could see nothing of you. How long have you been home?" He answered, unmoved and calm as the summer breeze, "About half an hour." She thought to herself, "I guess the next time I sit down to look for my husband, I'll find out first whether he is in the house or not."

H. P.

THE LADIES.
Women have more heart and more imagination than men.
No club-handled parasols this summer, but pretty, useless, little sunshades covered with clunny lace.

"Husband," said the wife of a young clergyman, "read me one of your sermons; I feel dreadfully wakeful to-night."

Little Penelope Marrowfall rather "dumpe-d" her Sunday school teacher, last Sunday, by asking her if the angels got up at sunrise in heaven.

Mr. Greeley did not invent the phrase, "Go west," as is generally supposed. The original of the remark was when Ruth said (many years s. c.) "Where thou go west I will go."

Mr. Sartoris is having a steam-yacht built on the Clyde, in which the "happy pair" will take a cruise with a party of American friends in August. The company will probably include one or two of Mrs. Sartoris's bridesmaids, all of whom she has invited to visit her.

A hale and hearty old gentleman living in Columbus, Ga., is the proud father of thirteen handsome daughters. He buys clothing for them by the wholesale. Thus, when he last went shopping he bought 370 yards of calico, 100 of lawn, 13 corsets, 26 pairs of shoes and other goods in proportion. Unlike many fathers who have only one daughter, he paid cash for all his purchases. Though an old man, he has never bought a bushel of corn or pound of meat, but raises them himself. He has never used an oath and does not owe a dollar.

